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BY

HATTIE LLOYD HANNA.





1. Poetry, American

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Hanna

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POEMS AND HYMNS;

ALSO,

❖ A + F E W + M E M O R I A L S ❖

—TO—

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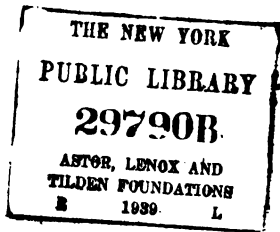
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BROOKLYN, E. D.

⇒1880⇐

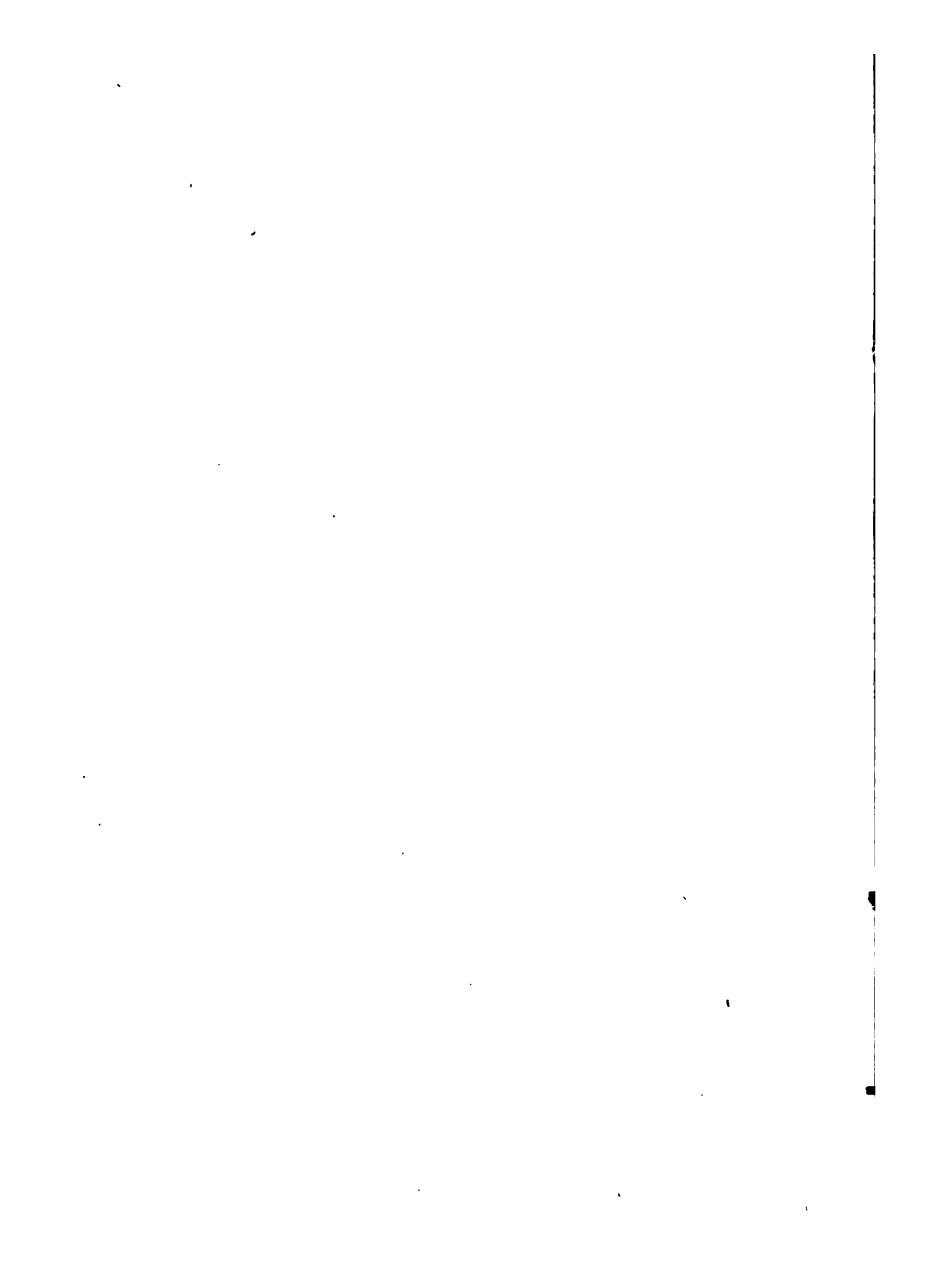
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POEMS

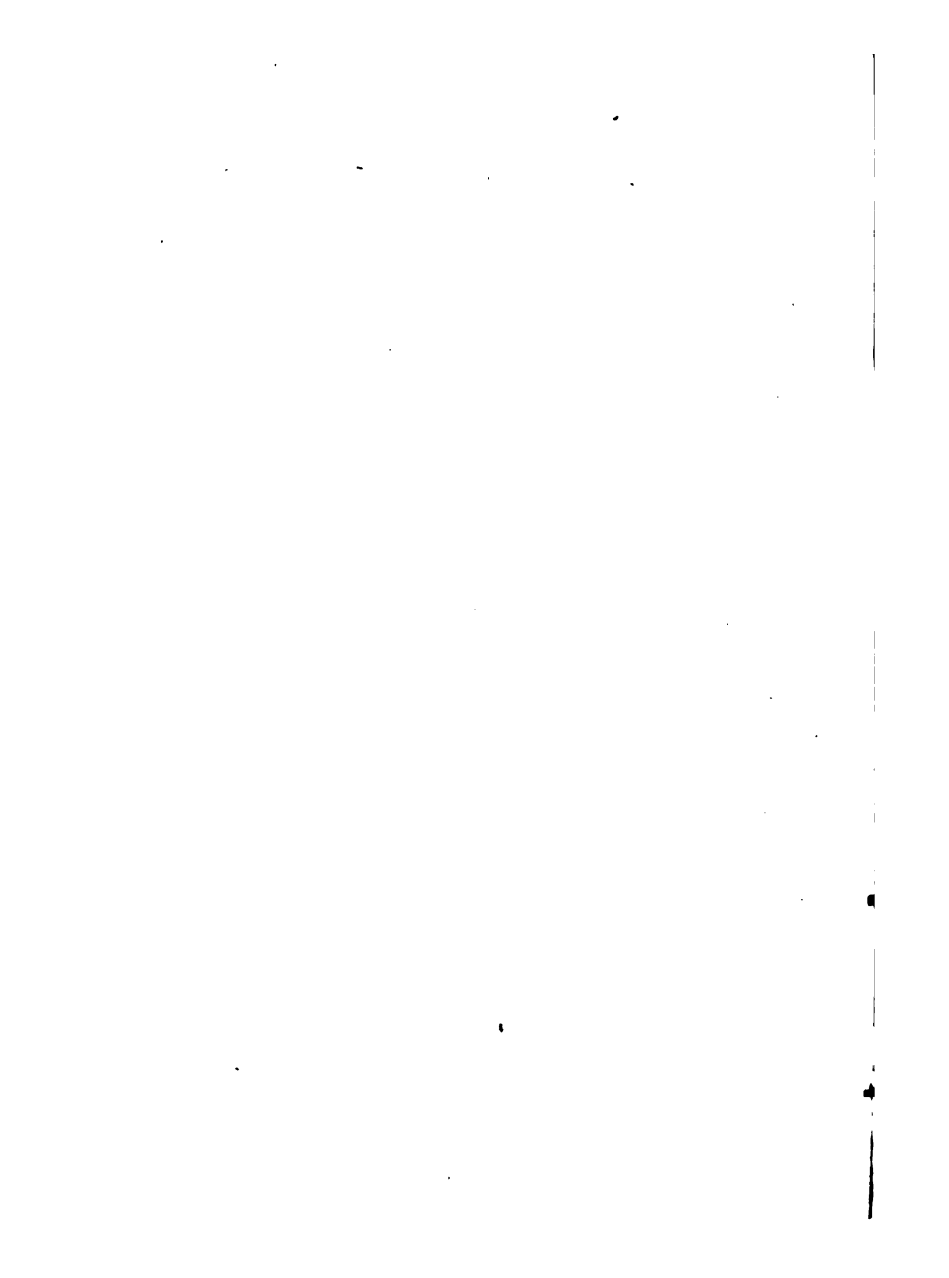


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— H Y M N —

SUNG AT THE

## Dedication of the First Reformed Church,

*BEDFORD AVENUE, BROOKLYN. E. D.*

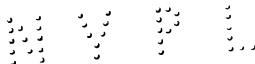
REV. E. S. PORTER, Pastor.

---

O Lord, Thy people meet to-day,  
To dedicate this temple fair :  
With grateful hearts we offer Thee  
These walls of praise — these gates of prayer.

Here may the Shepherd with his flock,  
Thy truth his joy, in peace abide ;  
The erring lead, the lonely cheer,  
Thy love his strength, Thy word his guide.

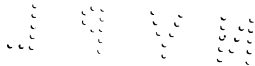
Here let the weary pilgrim come,  
And at Thy door his sandals rest ;  
And find in Thee his staff, his way,  
In Christ his life, a welcome guest.





And here let youth and age repair,  
For love has made Thy service sweet :  
As once they sought fair Olivet,  
We joyful seek the Master's feet.

O Thou who owns Thy children's love,  
Our hearts from doubt and error free ;  
Accept this House our hands have reared,  
And make its service worthy Thee.



## In Memoriam.

—  
E D W A R D J. K E M P,

*Died July 19th, 1875, in the 15th year of his age.*

—  
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO HIS PARENTS  
—

A voice is hushed ; — a vacant chair ; —  
A silence reigns around,  
Within that quiet, happy home,  
Where joy did once abound.

What means that mournful voice and sigh ?  
What speak those tearful eyes ?  
Whence comes that pensive saddened tone ?  
What cloud has dimmed those skies ?

Ah yes ; Alas ! the Reaper—DEATH,  
Gleaned in that field one day,  
And bore within his smothering breast  
A PRECIOUS flower away.

Altho' not yet quite fully blown,  
Yet, it was opening fast ;—  
And on it, hearts with watchful pride,  
Earth's BRIGHTEST HOPES had cast.

But, *He* who gave the floweret fair,  
And broke its stem so soon,  
Had only sent it here to show  
How *sweetly* it could *bloom*.

In those eternal bowers above,  
You yet shall MEET YOUR BOY,  
Where death and sorrow cannot come  
To mar thy peace and joy.

O PRECIOUS FAITH! O SACRED TRUTH,  
To weary mortals given ;—  
Our family links, tho' severed here,  
Shall be REPLETE IN HEAVEN.

EDDIE (my nephew) was an only son ; the pride and hope of fond parents ; he possessed rare virtues, great intelligence, and was always the light and joy of the family circle.



## The Voice of Flowers.

---

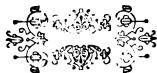
O blessed flowers, so gay and fair,  
What joy thy hues impart ;  
Thou dost a sacred influence shed  
Upon the human heart.  
For, *cold* indeed, must be that soul,  
Estranged to holy thought,  
Who cannot read in every leaf  
Some truth, with wisdom fraught.

Ah, to my mind, each petal small,  
Suggests pure thoughts divine ;  
The *wisdom* of a great *First Cause*,  
Upon each leaflet shine.  
And in this world of sin and woe,  
Where clouds of sorrow lower,  
These *precious gems*, bloom 'neath our feet,  
To *brighten* many an hour.

## POEMS.

Then purer far shall be our songs,  
When in that upper temple fair,  
Around Thy throne, redeemed and blest,  
Thy *children*, Lord, shall *all* repair.

Angelic hosts, shall wave their palms,  
To greet the weary ones of earth ;  
While on each head they place a crown,  
Significant of heavenly birth.



## To H. M. B.

---

*Written when in my fifteenth year : a few days previous to my  
departure from her home in Wilmington, Del.*

---

Shall I meet thee again, thy skies still unclouded,  
Surrounded by friends and kindred so dear ?  
No sorrow nor anguish thy spirit pervading,  
Unruffled thy brow by a care or a fear ?

Or, should sorrow's dark clouds ere long overtake thee,  
And dim the bright hopes pervading thy breast ;  
Thy spirit's lone breathings, so sad and weary,  
Adverse to all joy, and longing for rest—

Believe me, I pray thee, whate'er thy condition,  
However reversed, thy now happy lot,  
From me thou'lt receive that sympathy needed,  
Which spirits congenial can freely impart.

Farewell ! and in parting, this prayer I'll offer :  
Wherever thy footsteps our Father may lead,  
May His loving presence abide with thee *ever*,  
To shield thee, and bless thee, supply all thy need.

## Autumn.

---

The cool winds of Autumn are whispering near ;  
Night o'er the lone bowers distils her cold tear ;  
The soul stirring breezes are roaming around,  
While sad to our heart seems their deep plaintive sound.

Fair Summer departed, her joys have all fled,  
Like the hopes of bright hours, lie withered and dead ;  
The gay tinted lilies that bloomed in our way,  
Have closed their fair petals, and speak of decay.

The hoar-frosts' cold breath chills each blossom and leaf ;  
The zephyr's low requiem betokens *their* grief ,  
But stars seem to shine with new lustre at night,  
Reviving each soul with their pure crystal light.

How shorn of their verdure the trees of the grove,  
Among which the winds in their sportiveness rove ;  
Yet tree, shrub and flower, breathe forth a sad lay,  
Reminding us all, we are *passing away*.

The seasons so fair, and with pleasure so rife,  
Shall cease to attract in the Autumn of life ;  
By the vision of Faith, may thy spirit *here see*,  
A *Spring-time* eternal awaiting for thee !

## Lines

*For the Album of my Friend M. L. B.*

---

Bright be the morning of thy days,  
And calm thy closing hours ;  
Louisa, may thy path through life  
Be strewn with choicest flowers.  
May blessings breathed to thee from heaven,  
In rich abundance flow ;  
And ne'er may winds of dark despair  
Across thy pathway blow.

But, in the evening of thy life,  
May visions bright appear ;  
Reminders of a life *well spent*,  
Free from all doubt and fear.  
And now I ask, my cherished friend  
A simple boon from thee, —  
Come weal or woe, come joy or care,  
'Mid all - remember me !



## Dialogue

*Spoken by a small Boy and Girl.*

---

*Boy*—Dear sister, can you tell me why  
The stars were placed in yonder sky ?  
'Tis true they shine so clear and bright,  
Like gems, upon the brow of night.

*Girl*—Brother, 'twas God in His great love,  
Who made those little worlds above ;  
To give us light He placed them there,  
And peopled them with beings fair.

*Boy*—Sister, who  *painted*  all the flowers ?  
And sends us the refreshing showers ?  
Who made the fruit, we love to eat ?  
The insect small, beneath our feet ?

*Girl*—It was the skill and power divine,  
Of Him whose mercies always shine  
Alike on all ; He is so good—  
And gives each day " our daily food."

*Boy*—Can that dear Saviour, then, above,  
On *us* bestow His tender love ?  
For small and feeble yet we seem,  
*Unworthy* of His care, I ween.

*Girl*—Yes, brother dear, though young and small,  
He *sees* and *loves* us, one and all ;—  
For Jesus has the assurance given,  
Of such as *we*, “is the kingdom of heaven.”



## Memorial Hymn.

---

*Sung on the occasion of the Memorial Services of the Late W. H. Cook,  
at the Franklin Ave. Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn,  
July 15th, 1877.*

---

Sad are the notes we breathe to-day,  
As friend and mourner meet ;  
Death, in his march, hath passed this way,  
And crushed beneath his feet  
A blossom full of beauty rare ;  
A youth, who early sought,  
A precious Saviour's love to share,  
With sacred virtues fraught.

Tho' sad our hearts, and dim our eyes,  
Yet, Hope, dispels our fears,  
And points to yonder blissful skies,  
Beyond this "vale of tears,"  
Where our young brother we shall greet,  
On yonder, shining shore ;  
'Mid joys eternal we shall meet,  
Where partings are no more.

In spotless robes, with golden harp,  
With crown of glory bright,  
He'll welcome us, no more to part,  
In yonder home of light !  
We'll meet amid the glittering throng,  
*Beyond* these clouded skies,  
And there enjoy sweet heavenly rest,  
With our *united ties*.



## A Christmas Carol.

---

*"For unto you is born this day in the City of David,  
a Saviour which is Christ, the Lord."*

---

How joyously those anthems float  
Upon the air around ;  
Angelic hosts the chorus join,  
Repeat the glad some sound.  
Glory to God ! in the highest, be given !  
Hark ! thus the angels are singing in heaven !

A prince is born ! aloud they sing,  
Proclaim a Saviour's birth !  
Let the glad tidings float along,  
And spread throughout the earth !  
Glory to God ! in the highest, be given !  
Hark ! thus the angels are singing in heaven !

O ! star of Jacob and of Peace,  
No myrrh or gifts of gold  
We bring, but praises pure and sweet,  
Our hearts would now unfold.  
Glory to God ! in the highest, be given !  
Hark ! thus the angels are singing in heaven !

These offerings we bring to Thee,  
These gifts Thy altar crown ;  
We swell the praise of Christ to-day,  
Our King from heaven come down.  
Glory to God ! in the highest, be given !  
Hark ! thus the angels are singing in heaven !

Thy coming hath all nations blest ;  
Restored our fallen race ;  
Redeemed Thy sinful creatures by  
Thy wisdom, love and grace.  
Glory to God ! in the highest, be given !  
Hark ! thus the angels are singing in heaven !



## Thoughts

*At the Hour of Parting with a Friend.*

---

The hour has come, my cherished friend,  
That bids us breathe adieu ;—  
Soon thou must share in other joys,  
In pleasures strange, and new.  
Soon other friends will on thee smile ;  
Yet, I would ask of thee—  
That thou wilt then, sometimes awhile,  
Kindly *remember me*.

Remember me, if thou alone,  
At twilight's sacred hour,  
Shalt converse hold with absent friends  
In some sequestered bower.  
Or, should'st thou roam through pleasure's halls,  
And joyous be thy lot ;  
*Then* cast a single thought on *me*,  
Who would *not* be forgot.

And when fond memory shall recall  
Kind thoughts of friends *most* dear,  
In fond remembrance let me ask  
From thee—a silent tear.  
In parting, *this* my wish shall be —  
Our hope may *not* be vain—  
When we indulge the pleasing thought,  
That *soon* we'll *meet* again.





## Come to me Brother.

---

Come to me Brother, when twilight is o'er us,  
 O come to me gently, draw *very near* ;  
 Speak to me, tell me of heavenly glories—  
 Breathe them so softly—my spirit may hear.

Come when the stars in their beauty are shining ;  
 "Tell me on *which* thou hast fixed thy abode !"  
 May this communion then *hush* my repining,  
*Calm* my sad heart, *dry* the tears that have flowed.

Tell of those *loved ones*, who laid down their burdens,  
 To tread the dark waters, cheerless and drear—  
 Did'st know our *loved* Mother, who went long before thee ?  
 Her spirit's sweet voice I *know* thou did'st *hear*.

Come tell of *dear* Father—and Eddie we loved so—  
 Of William and Theodore, who liveth above !  
 O speak of the glories and bliss that await *us*,  
 You are *all* sharing in Mansions of Love.

Ah, come to me Samuel, at even's calm hour,  
 When weary and worn I seek for repose ;  
 Leave, leave for a season that heavenly bower,  
 Tell me *all*—'ere sleep my eyelids shall close.

Yes, come when the stars tread the heavens at even ;  
Thy spirit's sweet breathings calm peace can impart ;  
Sing, sing me some notes, the angels have taught thee,  
Thus filling with joy, thy sister's *sad* heart.

Some song that our loved ones, *forever* are chanting,  
Those strains *I'll* hear, when they welcome *me* o'er ;  
As I pass through the waters, dark and so dreary,  
Their sweet notes shall *cheer* me, from Eden's bright shore.

"Come Brother, come *oft*, be my guardian spirit,"  
Until to my prayers my Saviour replies ;  
And gives back to me those ties sadly riven,  
*United forever beyond the bright skies.*

(SAMUEL H. LLOYD died Jan. 19th, 1876, my eldest and loved brother.)



## A Short Address in Rhyme.

*Spoken by a Little Girl at a Mission School.*

We thank thee, friends so dear,  
And parents kind and true,  
That you to-night have come,  
To see what we can do.

We're young and feeble yet,  
Our failures then endure ;  
And pray our youthful hearts  
May e'er be clean and pure.

We love our God, so kind,  
And trust at last to see  
Our Jesus dear, who loved  
Such *little ones as we*.

And when, at last, we meet  
On yonder shining shore,  
We'll *sing* all that *long* day,  
And praise God *more* and *more*.

Be patient with us then,  
As we shall speak and sing ;  
Hoping when *next* we meet,  
Some *greater* theme to bring.



## Solitude.

---

Sweet solitude, each heart doth crave  
At times, that peaceful rest,  
Which to the soul *thou* canst impart,  
So calm, so sweet and blest.

To thy lone bowers we love to hie,  
When joy and hope have flown ;  
When clouds of sadness 'round us lower,  
Where once *bright sunbeams* shone.

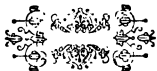
How vast, unbounded thy domains,  
Where thought may wander free ;  
Within thy haunts the spirit worn,  
May restful vista's see.

And, when the heart by sorrow crushed,  
Seems bleeding from the wound,  
Within thy courts a healing balm  
Is *often* to be found.

And sweet it is, amid life's cares,  
To find some lone retreat,  
Where we may pluck the flowers of peace,  
That bloom beneath our feet.

Some flower of hope to cheer the heart,  
By cares and sorrows riven ;  
Imparting to the weary soul,  
Sweet thoughts of God and heaven.

Let others seek those scenes of mirth,  
Which from their grasp may flee ;  
But give, O ! give sweet solitude,  
And her sacred charms to me.



## Installation of a Pastor.

---

Father, at Thy altar coming,  
Lo! another servant brought!  
O! send down Thy spirit's power—  
Bid him teach as *Jesus* taught.

In Thy name we bid him welcome;  
May he come our feet to guide;  
As a band of pilgrims, weary,  
Lead us to our Master's side.

May Thy spirit without measure,  
Wisdom, strength and love impart;  
In the path of duty guide him,  
Fill with truth his trusting heart.

Faithful watchman ever proving,  
Gird him with Celestial might;  
Give him zeal, and holy boldness;  
May he battle for the *right*.

Bless these courts, where angels ever  
Bend to hear our prayers arise ;  
Where the soul's sweet worship blended,  
Reaches yonder blissful skies.

When our work is done the *greeting*  
Of our Saviour will be given ;  
As we join in praises endless,  
Pastor—people—all—in heaven !





## Impromptu Thoughts.

*Suggested at my Brother's Grave.*

'Neath Greenwood's peaceful, quiet shade,  
Again I've found my way ;  
And here, beside my brother's grave,  
I would prolong my stay.

I love to hie me to this place,  
Our sacred family plot ;  
A pensive silence fills my soul  
While near this precious spot.

The flowers blossom on the sod ;  
And *sweet* the violet's breath ;  
But zephyrs whisper 'mid the leaves,  
Of *saddened hearts* ; and *death*.

Yet, brother, thou dost heed it not ;  
Thy spirit roams the fields  
Of heavenly bowers, where flowers bright,  
A *richer* perfume yields.

Then I will turn my eyes and thoughts  
Away from Greenwood's shade,  
To thy abode beyond the tide,  
Where blossoms *never* fade.

My brother's grave ! O sacred spot,  
I love to linger here ;  
Bring *sweetest* flowers for thy tomb,  
*Moist* with a *sister's* tear.



## Hymn.

*Sung by the Infant Class at an Anniversary.*

Again we've met to celebrate  
Our annual festal day ;  
And now to God we lift our voice,  
Though humble be our lay.

We thank Thee for our sabbath school,  
Our pastor, good and kind ;  
Who aims to teach each youthful soul  
The way of Life to find.

Our faithful teachers wilt thou bless ;  
To them be wisdom given ;  
That they may to our infant minds  
Impart the truths of heaven.

And may our *sweetest* praise be sung  
To Thee, dear Lord, to-night ;  
O! keep each youthful heart e'er pure,  
That we may live aright.

## The Raising of Lazarus.

*St. John, XI Chapter.*

---

Behold, those sisters true and kind,  
How deeply now they mourn ;—  
A solemn calm pervades their home,  
A brother, *loved*, has gone.

Martha, who learns her Saviour's near,  
Now *hastens* to His side ;  
“O blessed Lord! hadst *Thou* been here,  
Our brother had not died!”

“Believe in *me*,” then Jesus said ;  
Thou shalt not trust in vain ;  
For I declare, thy brother *dead*  
Shall *surely rise* again.

Be comforted, dispel thy fears—  
And quickly answer me—  
“Where have ye laid him, far away?”  
They answered, “come and see.”

And then they hasten to the grave,  
Where Lazarus now slept ;  
They reach the spot, our Saviour dear,  
The blessed “*Jesus wept*.”

Again we hear that sacred voice—  
(For, well He knew their loss)  
As He exclaims in accents clear—  
Thou “Lazarus, COME FORTH!”

And to His voice the dead arose,  
Much to the Jews surprise ;  
Now they believed that He *was* Christ,  
To cause the dead to rise.

Ah yes, He *was* the *very* God !  
The Saviour of mankind !  
Whose voice could make the wind obey ;  
Who healed the sick and blind.

May *we*, at last, then *hear* that voice,  
Bidding *us* to *arise* ;—  
To join the ransomed ones above,  
Beyond the peaceful skies.



## To my Sister while away from Home.

---

*"Our friends are often least away,  
when absent from our sight."*

---

Dear sister, at this twilight hour,  
I'll converse hold with thee ;  
For, altho' absent from my sight,  
Thou still art near to me.

There is no absence here on earth,  
When heart communes with heart,  
For Friendship, can our souls *unite*,  
E'en though we're far apart.

The silvery moon around me now,  
Has her bright mantle thrown ;  
Fit hour, to hold communion sweet,  
Since all of care hath flown.

I'll breathe for thee, a *prayer* sincere,  
That health and peace be thine ;  
May joy attend thee every hour,  
O! cherished sister, mine.

May blessings numerous as the stars,  
Around thee ever flow ;  
The purest bliss earth can afford,  
Kind Heaven on thee bestow.

Ever, may Angels fair and pure,  
To thee be very near ;  
To watch, and guard thee, every hour,  
My absent sister dear.



## — L I N E S —

ON THE

**Death of Nelson Owens Cain.**

---

*Affectionately dedicated to his Parents.*

---

A link is severed for a while,  
That bound thy little household band ;  
A soul redeemed is basking now  
'Mid glories in the Spirit land.

No more the cheer of thy son's smile  
Shall light the place his presence filled ;  
Yet thou canst say " Thy will be done !"  
To Him who bids thy grief be stilled.

For Heaven craved the jewel bright !  
The Angels needed one gem more ;  
And bade him cross the viewless bridge  
To rest upon the Shining Shore.

To rest ! how soothing are those words,  
With power to stay the saddest tear ;  
All suffering and anguish o'er,  
Beyond a pain, or care, or fear.



Thy shadowed household, day by day,  
Shall miss his genial voice and face ;  
A Father's love hath called him thence —  
Then trust Him ! tho' thou canst not trace.

He early done his bidding here,  
And thus fulfilled his Master's will ;  
Then, when the Seraph's call he heard,  
It did his soul with rapture fill.

“ O, mama, dear, I'm better now ! ”  
“ Ah, yes, my Nelson, well I know  
Jesus is calling thee away—  
To where the crystal rivers flow.”

The blooming flowers upon his grave  
Full oft thy feet in love shall press,  
And think of his pure guileless soul,  
With sweetest thoughts of tenderness.

Then wait with patience for that call,  
Which cometh from yon world afar,  
That shall unite thee with thy son  
Who waiteth at the gates ajar.

## Hymn.

---

*Sung by a Choir, previous to the delivery of a Sermon  
from Math. XVIII. 20.*

---

Father, thou hast surely promised,  
That, when Love, our hearts doth bind,  
There, in holy sweet communion,  
We thy presence e'er shall find.

For, when two or three are gathered,  
In thy name, O! Lord above,  
In sweet fellowship thou'lt meet us,  
Breathing in our hearts, thy love.

Thus, to-day we seek thy blessing,  
For, we've met, in thy dear name ;  
Breathe on us thy loving favor,  
*Ever* bless us with the same.

And, may oft, our hearts and voices,  
Joy, the praise of God to speak ;  
Hear thy stately steps among us,  
Calling to the *Mercy Seat*.

## My Wish for Lizzie.

*Written in her Album.*

May these pages contain the wishes sincere,  
 The breathings of friends and kindred most dear ;  
 May this Album return from each love gleaning tour,  
 With affection's sweet blossoms and promises sure ;  
 The promise of friendship from hearts warm and true,  
 To forge a firm chain, to bind theirs to you.  
 May the noble and true around thee e'er stand,  
 And guide thee by precept, to Heaven's fair land.  
 Then thy youth shall be joyous ; thy life a bright day,  
 By keeping in memory, thy Saviour alway.  
 And now, I will close these thoughts, Lizzie dear,  
 In offering for thee a prayer sincere —  
 That Heaven's choicest blessings, be *thine* to enjoy,  
 And praises *eternal*, thy heavenly employ.

Then Album speed thy missioned way !  
 Gather rare gems from friendship's bowers,  
 To beautify earth's dreary day —  
 And lighten sorrow's darksome hours.  
 May recollections of the past,  
 And pleasant friendships ever true,  
 These pages e'er unfold to thee,  
 Whene'er presented to thy view.

## The Soul's Desire for Heaven.

---

Tho' oft we roam,  
Where'er we turn,  
Our hearts e'er burn,  
For some loved home !

We stray abroad,  
As oft, we may,  
Yet still we pray,  
For Heaven, and God !

This earth is bright,  
And all around,  
Is ever found,  
Gifts of delight.

But yet the heart,  
Pants for a life—  
Free from all strife,  
Beyond death's dart.

The world can give  
Much that is good ;  
But yet we would  
Lives *pur-er*, live.

## POEMS.

Tho' joys, and woe,  
Our portion be,  
Yet Lord to *Thee*  
We long to go.

Then *speed* the time,  
O God of Love,  
When Thou above,  
Shalt call us thine !



## Reflections.

*On returning from an Excursion at Hudson Park,  
On the Hudson.*

---

'Mid natures green and leafy bowers,  
Where whispering zephyrs meet,  
We met, the middle aged and young,  
In a calm wild retreat.  
The day was bright and beautiful,—  
No cloud appeared on high,  
No threatening storm to mar our joy,  
For tranquil was the sky.

In varied sports, in song and glee,  
The hours soon winged their flight ;  
Sweet memories of that peaceful day,  
Remain forever bright.  
And, as through Hudson's foamy waves,  
Our barque did smoothly glide ;  
Each merry chorus keeping time,  
Now, with the hurried tide.

The scenery was grand and wild,  
And filled with awe, my heart ;  
Deep and significant the thoughts,  
Such grandeur can impart.  
These scenes inspire the human mind,  
With thoughts holy and pure ;  
The soul sweet converse holds, with Him,  
Whose works shall e'er endure.

The sportive winds, and swelling waves,  
The Mountains towering high,  
Proclaim the power and love divine,  
Of Him, who is *ever* nigh.  
He built the lofty mountain peaks,  
That catch the sun's first rays ;  
O! how the world's great heart should swell,  
In strains of highest praise.

Then, down the stream of life may we,  
As smoothly onward move,  
And reach the fair Elysian bowers,  
Filled with God's smile and love.  
Our barque when firmly moored in the  
Safe harbor of the blest,  
Beyond the dread of earthly shoals,  
How *sweet* shall be our *rest*.

To Mr. & Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_.

—  
*On the death of their twin Children,  
 Aged one year and three months.*

—  
 "Insatiate Archer! would not *once* suffice?  
*Twice* flew thy shaft, and *twice* our hopes were slain."

—  
 When thy darlings had departed,  
 Our dear Lord but done his will.  
 Though thy heart is deeply wounded,  
*Trust*, O! trust thy Father still.  
 Yes, thy treasures *soon* were taken,  
 From thy kind parental care ;  
 Angels, watch with love unmeasured,  
 Now, thy precious jewels fair.

Thy sweet blossoms were transplanted,  
 To the bowers of peace on high ;  
 There, to bloom in fadeless beauty,  
 'Neath a genial, milder sky.  
 They were rarest buds of promise,  
 Blooming on a slender stem ;  
 Soon, alas! was snapped the tendrils,  
 Sev'ring thee awhile from, them.



Sweet, the sleep of thy twin cherubs,  
(Objects of thy tend'rest love,)  
In the bosom of their Saviour,  
With the Angel band above.  
Check the starting tear, O! Parents;—  
Radiant blessings yet untold,  
Soon awaits you, with those Lambkins,  
In the yonder *Upper Fold*.



## Opening Hymn.

—  
*Sung at a Sunday School Celebration,  
in New York City.*  
—

With joy we hail this festal night,  
As in these courts we meet ;  
And now, oh Father, we would cast  
Our offerings at Thy feet.  
These offerings are our *hearts*, so full  
Of thanks and praise to Thee !  
For every hour, in beauty rare,  
New gifts flow rich and free.

Thus may we ever come, oh Lord,  
As on this festal night :  
The hearts of youth, so full of love,  
Are pleasing in Thy sight.  
Thy spacious house, since last we met,  
Thy love to us hath given ;  
And here we're taught the sacred paths  
Which lead to *Thee* and Heaven.

Oh may Thy Word be here revealed,  
By Truth's illumined ray !  
To cheer us on our journey through  
Life's cheerless, darksome way.  
Then, when at last, we catch the strains  
Of harmony and love,  
We'll join with angels, as they sing  
Around Thy throne above.



## The Triumph of Love.

---

Love calms the tempest wild,  
Subdues the stubborn will ;  
And, 'mid the storm of strife,  
She whispers, "Peace ! be still !"  
Love triumphs over sin,  
And naught but joy remains !  
Over the passions, too,  
A victory she gains.

And ever thus, through life,  
*Triumphant* she appears ;  
Dispels the clouds of woe,  
Allays the saddest fears.  
Victorious evermore,  
Her sway the earth will own ;  
Her throne will *ever* stand,  
Till she shall reign alone.

Triumphant, here on earth,  
    *Perfected*, in yon heaven ;  
A solace sweet, to hearts,  
    By cares and trials riven.  
Love's pure and holy beams,  
    Illumine the dome above,  
Where peace forever reigns,  
    And *God*, himself, is *love*.



## This World is Fraught with Bitterness.

*Written after having passed through much tribulation.*

Ah ! yes, this world is full of woe,  
Of bitterness and strife ;  
How oft, the darts of sorrow fly,  
To mar the joys of life.  
This world is fraught with bitterness,  
Deception, and deceit ;  
Bright flowers of Hope, *now*, cheer the heart,  
*Then*, wither at our feet.

Sweet hours of joy and happiness,  
On earth are few and rare ;  
Each heart knows *its own* bitterness,  
Its trials, and its care.  
Is there not for the soul *some rest*,  
Amid life's scenes of woe ?  
May not these weary hearts of ours,  
A sweet repose yet know ?

Are there no fair Elysian bowers,  
No Paradise of Love?  
Where weary Spirits may find *rest*,  
No genial climes above?  
Ah! yes, to Heaven we lift our eyes,  
And banish all our fears;  
With Faith, we view yon *brighter* skies,  
*Beyond* this vale of tears.

A World, where Hopes, are *never* crushed,  
Where Friendships *never* die;  
Peace, like a fountain ever pure,  
*Forever* flows on high.  
A *Home*, where *rarest* joys and *bliss*,  
To weary Souls are given;  
For, though we've sailed through *stormy* seas,  
We'll *reach* the *Port of Heaven*.



## Affection's Tear.

---

At eve, when yonder silvery moon,  
Shall cast her mantle far and near,  
If thou should'st wander forth alone,  
Oh! shed for me, Affection's tear.

Or, when in some calm wild retreat,  
Thou'lt converse hold with friends most dear,  
Then, breathe for me a simple prayer;  
And kindly shed Affection's tear.

If thou upon some crystal lake,  
At night thy little barque shall steer,  
Recall to mind, your absent friend,  
And for her, shed Affection's tear.

At early morn, when o'er the plain,  
The sun shall cast his rays so clear,—  
At noon, and e'en at twilight hour,  
Let flow for me, Affection's tear.

And, when my weary soul at last,  
Shall wing its flight to yonder sphere,  
Then, may this thought, my *solace* prove,  
*Thou'lt* shed for me, Affection's tear.



## God's Works Praise Him.

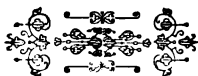
'Tis in the fragrant bower,  
The cool, refreshing shower,  
God's voice we hear :  
And in the rippling brook,  
We read as in a book,  
Our Father's near.

The trees so green and fair,  
Lift up their arms in prayer,  
O God, to thee !  
And whispering zephyrs meet,  
Their praises to repeat,  
While roaming free !

Nature reveals God's power ;  
The dew upon the flower,  
Reflects His love ;  
And wisdom, too, we see  
In this grand harmony,  
Breathed from above.

The hills echo the sound  
To earth's remotest bound ;  
All speak His praise ;  
And heaven the strain doth swell,  
"He doeth all things well :"  
Loud songs we'll raise !

But *louder* still shall be  
Our songs, when Lord to Thee,  
At last we come !  
Angels shall sweep the strings  
Of harps, with their bright wings,  
Calling us home.



## A Mother's Grave.

*A Fragment.*

Our Mother is no more ! What sad  
Echos these words waken in the lone heart.  
A feeling of desolation, of grief unutterable ;  
Of Hopes that never will blossom ;  
Never again will her kindly smile meet our eyes ;  
Her voice fall on our ear ;--Never again  
Shall we hear her voice of sweet counsel, of  
Kindness and affection, awaken a response  
In our soul ; Cheering us when sad, and  
Inspiring to Hope, when in doubt.  
Nevermore ! Sad thought, and fraught with  
A world of pensiveness, and solitude.  
But, Faith bids us cherish that consoling belief,  
That looks *upward*, into the pure air of  
Resignation and Trust. Which bids our  
Sorrows vanish in the boundless sky of  
Infinite Love ; and dries the tears shed o'er  
The grave of our loved one. For the impressive  
Words of the Angel, at the tomb of our Saviour,  
" He is *not* here ! He is risen ! " Cheers our sad  
Heart, as we tread lightly upon the grassy  
Mound, of a dear Mother's Grave.

She is *not* here, she has *risen!* The morning  
Has come; the morning of Life and Light,  
And Glory. She has risen from pain and care;  
Her garments, are garments of holiness;  
“Her bread, is the bread of Life; Her song, the  
Song of the *redeemed*; Her employment, that  
Of Angels.” Blessed Hope! and blessed Faith!  
That, as she and her redeemer has risen,  
So too, may *we* arise, when our day is ended.  
When we are called to pass over that curious  
River, to the shores of *Rest* and *Peace*.  
Dear Mother, blessed and sainted one,—  
Bend thou in spiritual affection over us,  
Influencing our every deed and thought. Then,  
When *our* life's work is done, may a sweet  
Reunion be our blessed experience, in yon  
Celestial abode, where no Farewells are spoken,  
Where is shed no tear. Where the family  
Links long severed, again *united* shall be—  
Parents, and Children all—basking in the  
Sunbeams of blissful harmony, and everlasting  
Peace. Eternal joy their theme, their songs,  
Everlasting praise. Sacred thought, bringing  
Solace to the saddened heart; and bidding the  
Weary pilgrim, still his way pursue. 'Tis a voice  
Of Truth, of pleasantness and peace, to earth's  
Afflicted ones, as we bend in tearful affection  
Over a Mother's Grave,

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## Waiting.

---

Waiting, waiting, *always* waiting ;  
Every moment finds it *true*.  
Now, we're waiting for a neighbor—  
*Often*, thus obliged to do.

Then, we waited for a stage-coach ;  
Or, perhaps—the “EXTRA TRAIN ;”  
Oh ! to us how very vexing—  
When we found, 'twas all in *vain*.

For, “*no extra runs to-day, sir !*”  
(Wish that we had asked before)—  
Oh ! how *rapid* then our exit,  
Through the crowded depot door.

And, we waited for the Post-man ;  
*Slowly* then the moments fled ;  
Here he comes,—now for a letter—  
Ah ! a *paper* gives instead.

Waiting often, for our dinner ;  
Waiting for the church-bell, ding ;  
Children waiting too, for Christmas ;  
Maiden, for the *wedding ring*.

Watcher, waiting by the sick one—  
Waits to catch the last, *farewell*,  
E'er the spirit soars to Heaven  
Where fond "waiting ones," now dwell.

Ah! a WAITING ROOM, our life is!  
Hours of *doing*, are so few.  
Soul! improve each passing moment!  
Keep thy *last hour*, e'er *in view*.



## The Time to Die.

---

A pilgrim on the world's highway,—  
Not long we stay below ;  
The parting moment comes to all,  
How soon, we cannot know.

It matters not, the day or hour,  
The season of the year ;  
And yet, each heart a *preference* hath,  
A time to him *more* dear—

When of this world, his leave he takes ;  
His spirit breathes *Adieu* ;  
And lays life's weary burdens down ;  
A heavenly land in view.

But *not* in Winter, when the birds,  
To genial climes have flown,  
Would *I* desire, to bid *farewell*—  
And go to Heaven, my home.

Nor yet, in Spring-time, I would ask,  
To hear *my* Summons given ;  
When called to change these earthly scenes,  
For sweeter joys in Heaven,

Oh! not in Summer, when the air,  
Is fragrant with the flowers,  
And zephyrs waft the sweet perfume,  
Throughout these earthly bowers—

But, when the Autumn-time shall come,  
And leaves around us fall,  
*Then*, would my Spirit soar away,  
*Then*, hear the Master's call.

And, may it be at *eventide*,  
The hour to me so *dear* ;  
Sweetly and calmly go to rest,  
Without a doubt or fear.





## Easter Morn.

To-day the cruel cross,  
On which our Jesus died,  
Speaks of *undying* love,  
A Saviour crucified.

“ ‘Tis *finished!* ” were His words ;  
The sweet assurance given ;  
The ransom now was paid,  
Which made us *heirs* of Heaven.

The Sepulchre was dark ;  
But joy at early dawn,  
Burst from that lonely tomb ;  
Oh ! blessed Easter morn !

All fear and doubt dispelled :  
“ He’s risen ! ” lives on high ;  
“ Hosanna to the Lord ! ”  
Man cannot, *shall not* die.

Then bring bright flowers to-day ;  
Ring *loud*, the Easter bells :  
From all the homes around,  
The chorus loudly swells.

Ah, now we'll wreath the cross,  
With Easter blossoms fair ;  
A sympathetic joy,  
Pervades the very air.

Ring *out*, ye Easter bells !  
Sound loud and clear each note,  
Till all throughout the land,  
The sacred strains shall float.

Let (on this Easter morn,)  
Enraptured myriads sing ;  
And *praise* the *risen* Lord,—  
Our Saviour and our King.



